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## The Resurrection—A Miracle Play.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

### *Dramatis Personae.*

1ST MARY (Magdalene)	JESUS	PETER
2D MARY (Mother of James)		JOHN
3D MARY (Salome)		ANGEL

### SCENE I.

*Jerusalem. Early in the morning. The three Marys approach the tomb.*

**F**IRST MARY. Two suns have sunk since  
first they laid Him here  
In the grey eve when all the world was sad.  
How the rocks split and rumbling thunder roared,  
And earth, grown sick with crime, did vomit forth  
The moulded forms of long-departed dead.

2D MARY.  
Behold the heavy stone is rolled away,  
The guards are gone and we are here alone.

3D MARY. Let's enter in.

*(Singing is heard in the tomb.)*

1ST MARY. What music do I hear?  
It falls upon me like His soothing voice  
When I did hear it last consoling me,  
And looking up to Him through bitter tears  
I said, "Rabboni!" and He, "Peace, be still."

*(Voices Singing.)*

Gone like the bubble that breaks  
And leaves not a ripple behind it;  
Gone like the flower's soft tear  
When the beams of the morning sun find it.  
Gone is the Lord from the tomb,  
But soon His beloved shall behold Him;  
Soon shall His Mother of tears  
Close to her bosom enfold Him.

3D MARY.  
These soft, sweet strains are wafted from the tomb  
Where yesterday there was but grief and gloom.

2D MARY. Let's enter in.

1ST MARY. I fear they've moved my Lord.

2D MARY.  
My eyes are dim with the excessive light  
That bursteth forth out of this rocky tomb;

It seemeth that the sun doth shine from here  
And is but mirrored in the opal sky.

*(They enter the tomb.)*

1ST MARY. What man is that?

2D MARY. Man?

1ST MARY. Yes.

2D MARY. Come, come away.  
I did not see Him for the piercing light  
That shone around Him. Come let us away.

3D MARY.  
The Lord is gone! Look here!—the winding sheet.

1ST MARY.  
Alas! What man hath taken Him away,  
What one hath stole the dead out of its tomb?  
Did not the dumb wounds of the slaughtered Lamb  
Cry out with crimson tongues against the deed?—  
My soul with sorrow and with grief o'erflows.  
Until I've found the body of my Lord.

*(Exit 1st Mary.)*

ANGEL.  
Peace! Peace! be not afraid, He is not here;  
Behold the place where they did lay Him down.  
Go tell His brethren risen is the Lord  
And goes before them into Galilee.

2D MARY.  
He said that He would rise on the third day,  
The hour is past, so let us haste away.

*(Exit Marys.)*

SCENE II.—1st Mary weeping in the garden.

JESUS.  
Woman, why weepest thou? Why here alone?

MARY.  
Because my Lord is stolen from the tomb  
Like the unsullied pearl out of its shell.

Sir, if 'twas thou that moved Him from the place  
Say where He lies and I will haste away,  
Spill over Him my tears and with my hair  
Wipe out the blood stains, and anoint His head.

JESUS. Mary.

MARY (*turning*). Rabboni!

JESUS. Do not touch me now  
Till I ascend to that white throne above  
Unto the Bosom of Eternal Love.

(*He vanishes.*)

MARY.

His wounds which lately were like crimson springs  
Did sparkle now like pools of Bethany.  
His eyes were placid as the troubled sea  
When He did bid the churnéd wave be still.  
(*Exit 1st Mary.*)

SCENE III.—*Jerusalem. The home of St. John.*  
*Enter the two Marys, Peter and John.*

3D MARY.

'Tis true the Lord is risen from the dead.

PETER.

Impossible! Your eyes have been deceived.

2D MARY.

Not so, for we did go into the tomb.  
The stone, we know not how, was laid aside.  
There lay the milk-white winding sheet, and lo!  
An angel seated in the tomb we saw,  
His face was as the lightning and his cloak  
Was crystal-white as the late-fallen snow.  
"Peace! Peace!" he said, "you seek the Crucified;  
He is not here, but risen gloriously  
And goes before you into Galilee."

JOHN. Can it be so?

PETER.

Let's hasten to the tomb.  
I fear that sorrow hath besieged their minds  
And oped the floodgates of their mighty grief,  
Working deception to their very sight.

SCENE IV.—*Before the tomb. Enter Peter and John.*  
*They examine the sepulcher.*

PETER.

Great God, forgive my doubt, and give me wings  
That I may speed me into Galilee;  
Spread out thy sky above me as the hen  
Spreadeth her wings over her little chicks,  
That I may meet no wrong until the hour  
Wherein I've found the Lord in Galilee.

JOHN.

Away, away, my heart doth crave for Him;  
Like a wild bird imprisoned doth it beat  
With anxious flutterings against my breast.  
That holy bosom now doth rise and fall  
As on the night when we did eat the pasch,

And I did find surcease of pain and grief  
Within His sweet embrace. Away! away!

(*Enter 2d and 3d Marys.*)

PETER.

Too true the Lord hath risen from the dead  
As the immaculate lily from the soil;  
Linger no longer here, but let's away.

(*Enter 1st Mary.*)

1ST MARY.

Lo! I have seen the Lord in raiment white  
That did outshine the ever-burning sun;  
Around His head a cloud of silvern light,  
And in His peaceful eyes a look serene.  
He gazed upon me, and mine eyes grew dim;  
His voice, like oil poured out upon my heart,  
Wounded and sore, did soothe and comfort me.

PETER.

Would that the sun were fixéd in the sky,  
And shade and shadow hid in heaven's caves;  
Would my poor eyes would not grow wearisome  
Until within the shade of Tabor's mount  
I lay me down to rest in Galilee,  
Where the Redeemer risen I might see!

(*Exit all.*)

SCENE V.—*Evening in the Garden of Gethsemane.*  
*Enter Peter and John.*

JOHN.

The bird of dawn soars crimson to the west  
The night is on, the warbler seeks its nest.

PETER.

But hark! a shepherd crooning in the hills.

(*Singing.*)

Safe my sheep  
I watchful keep  
Through all the silver night.  
I'll wind my horn  
When day is born  
And welcome in its light.

JOHN.

Sweet song doth well refresh the outworn heart,  
And like a child aweary of the day  
I could lie down and gaze into the sky,  
Watch the bright stars play hide among the clouds  
Or dance upon the woof of heaven's floor  
Until my eyes heavy with the long shades  
Should close unwillingly in pleasant dreams.

PETER.

How full of mystery this day hath been  
But to the end God's hand hath guided all.  
The hills have been laid low, the valleys filled  
And the impossible made possible.  
Dawn did these sorry troubles all reveal,  
Day rolled them up and Evening set the seal.



## Amazement.

AS some rapt gazer in a lowly vale  
Beholds the mountain with tall pines upon it,  
So look my eyes in wonderment at you  
Crowned with your forty-dollar Easter bonnet.

T. E. B.

## The Vacant Stare.

JOHN C. MCGINN, '06.



FOR weeks Genevieve Hanran had talked of nothing but her new Easter hat; in fact, she thought of little else, and oftentimes would interrupt her companions in the midst of their girlish conversation and interrogate them about their Easter bonnets.

Usually a hat is a very unassuming ornament, but not so with a woman's hat, and particularly the hat that Genevieve wore on Easter Sunday. And no wonder, for her undivided attention had been given to the making of this hat, and when her mental forces were centered on any particular object, well, the result was usually sensational. So it was with her Easter hat. Such a creation of loveliness had never before attracted the attention of the girls of Wakefield, nor the young men either. And this made Genevieve happy—happy because it made her conscious that her's was more than the ordinary Easter hat.

As she strolled leisurely homeward from church she felt that everyone was looking at her and her hat, and in the complacent smiles and nods of her girl friends Genevieve found the reward of her past weeks of worry about her bonnet. When in the afternoon she went for a drive people turned in their carriages and commented upon her exquisite coiffure, and Genevieve experienced the joy which all girls do when they know that others are talking about them.

But this sense of gratification did not last long. It soon faded into a queer feeling of uneasiness when she found herself the object of everybody's indiscriminate gaze and comment. She didn't care much, in fact she felt rather elated when she found

herself the cynosure of critical feminine eyes; but when she discovered several pairs of masculine eyes staring at her, Genevieve wished she had been more modest in the selection of her Easter hat.

It wasn't long, however, till Genevieve's circle of friends and the quiet people of Wakefield became familiar with her new creation. Indeed, she might have forgotten all about it had not Ernest—Ernest was her beau—dropped her a line asking her to come over to Natic and go to the theatre with him. Now Genevieve wanted to go to the show; yes, and she wanted to wear her new hat because Ernest had not as yet seen it and she knew he wanted to see it because she had talked to him so much about it and had even gone so far as to make him assist in selecting the flowers which were to adorn it.

Well, Genevieve found one of her chums, one that Ernest did not like particularly well. As a rule, Genevieve acted like other girls, and when Ernest asked her to bring a friend along with her, she usually succeeded in taking one for whom he did not care much. Now whatever else could be said of her it could not be truthfully said that she was slow, at least as to time; and so on the appointed night at the appointed time Genevieve and Helen Gove strolled arm in arm into the appointed café.

Perhaps had Genevieve known that her hat was going to cause her any annoyance she would have doffed it the moment she entered the place; had she been aware of the amount of trouble it was going to bring upon her she would have hidden it under the table. But Genevieve was no mind-reader, so she kept her hat on.

The bonnet attracted the usual amount of attention. Her first ten minutes in the café told her this, and she was pleased because she knew Ernest would be pleased too. He always liked to see her made much of. This inward sense of joy, however, soon vanished,

for she had not been seated long when she became conscious that a very dark man, sitting some distance in front of her, had his eye riveted upon her. At first she thought it was the grandeur of her hat that elicited this attention, and *tout à coup* her old feeling of gratification was revived. But when she perceived that he was not looking at her hat any more, but was staring, actually staring her in the eye she began to feel uneasy. She didn't mind people staring at her hat, she rather liked it, but she could never get accustomed to people who stared her in the eye. And this was just what that horrid fellow was doing.

"What in the world is keeping Ernest," she muttered to Helen, "will he ever come?" Oh, how she felt like rushing out of the place. What if she did and he should follow her. It was not at all unlikely, for she had often read how girls under similar circumstances had fared badly at the hands of such ruffians. She might get up and run screaming from the place; but no, she would not do that. For fully ten minutes she sat there, and that horrid man staring all the while. By this time Helen was as badly frightened as Genevieve, and although she had not brought on the calamity she felt sure she was going to participate in it.

Genevieve actually withered as the slow, painful moments passed. Her cold, perspiring hands lay limp on her lap. Her head felt as though it was going to burst, so intense was the pain that throbbed beneath her massive hat. Once or twice she threatened to faint, but changed her mind when Helen warned her that the evil-eyed one would be the first to rush to her assistance. But do something she must for she could stand it no longer.

Just as Genevieve had determined on a bold move her heart almost leaped to her throat, for there, coming through the doorway, she recognized the welcome figure of Ernest. Ah, how she felt like rushing up to him and throwing her arms around his neck and bursting into tears just as she had seen the heroine do on the stage. But no, she wasn't a heroine, nor was she on the stage; moreover, there were too many people around, and besides she did not want Ernest to know just how much she cared for him even at this critical moment, for she had always

been told by her older friends that the best way to keep a beau was never to let him know just how much you really cared for him.

How she squeezed his hand as he stood off and admired her. Genevieve's only thought now was to get out of the range of that horrid eye. She dared not tell Ernest for, thought she, he might get into trouble, and she liked him too well to see him in any kind of trouble. She would leave the place at once, and not tell him a word about her annoyance. But Helen spoiled it all. "My!" she exclaimed as she pulled Ernest's coat sleeve, "see he is actually staring yet."

"Oh, Helen," moaned Genevieve, but it was too late, Ernest knew something was wrong.

"Why, Genevieve, what is the matter? What makes you so pale," asked Ernest in bewilderment.

Genevieve's pale face became livid and her hand trembled. She felt as though something dreadful was going to happen, and, if Ernest would be injured she would be the cause of it all. But explain she must, so in a few words she told him all, beseeching him at the same time that he let the matter drop. But not so. Ernest waxed angrier at every word. He would go over immediately and rebuke the uncultured and villainous rascal.

"See what you have done," moaned Genevieve to Helen who stood by trembling, "he is going over there, and that fellow may kill him!"

Ernest went straight to the intruder. But the man noticed him not. Not even a muscle of his dark face twitched. He even appeared to scorn Ernest, for he did not so much as look up as he approached.

"See here, you insolent scoundrel," began Ernest now furious, "how dare you sit there and stare—"

The man apparently disturbed and angry turned his head and looked up scowlingly at Ernest.

Ernest bewildered stopped short in his rebuke, for in that sudden turn and uplifting of the face he made an awful discovery,—instead of looking down into the cool and calm eye of a scoundrel he stood helplessly gazing into the lifeless glass eye of an innocent stranger.

## Easter Morn.

C. L. O'D.

## Easter Reflections.

CORNELIUS J. HAGERTY, '06.

## Rabboni!

E. P. B.

**D**-ANCING sun, a sparkling sky,  
The wind-stirred waters glint along;  
Glad robins in the new buds nigh—  
A shower of blossoms falls their song.

**F**EW weeks ago  
the solemn warn-  
ing: "Now is the  
acceptable time, now is

**S**HE knelt in sorrow by the tomb,  
All comfort now withdrawn,  
The Master spoke and Mary's heart  
Leaped radiant as the dawn.

the day of salvation," was being

proclaimed on all sides most earnestly; but that grave tone has

now given place to the ring of Easter triumph. All things have their season—

joy as well as sadness; and what a sweet thing the joy of Easter is! What "shining, morning faces" the faithful wear after the long period of discipline and unselfishness! You can tell those who have kept Lent well by the brightness of their smile and the elasticity of their gait. The promise of the Church in her Preface for Lent is fulfilled: "*Qui corporali ieiunio vitia comprimis, mentem elevas, virtutem largiris et præmia*"—The sacrifices of Lent are rewarded by the suppression of sin, the lifting up of the mind, the gaining of strength and other graces. The daily "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" have borne their fruit in joy—the faithful "have sown in tears but reaped in joy." Good Friday is the saddest day in the year, but Easter the most joyful, and so it is always. When everything seems gloomy and austere, sooner or later there comes a crisis, and then the sun shines more brightly than before. It is easy to persevere in doing right if we remember during seasons when things go contrary to nature that there are a whole lot of sweet things intermingled with the bitter things of life that make it eminently endurable.

We feel at Easter how much more genuine happiness is to be derived from doing our duty at all times than from seeking for pleasures not to be met with in its path. The thrill of spiritual joy experienced by the man who has subjected himself to strict discipline during Lent is worth infinitely more than all the bodily satisfaction felt by the man who has gratified his desires. No one knows the superiority of virtue to mere physical pleasure except him who has practised the former. Lent is usually the season when good Catholics live the most spiritual lives, and there is no day in the year so joyful as Easter.

St. Bernard says: "Our whole life is a

Lent, and the day we enter heaven our true Easter." The figure seems a beautiful one. It does not mean that life is altogether gloomy or dreary or laborious, but that we should not hope to find perfect happiness except in heaven. There is a whole lot of legitimate pleasure in life, but there is also labor and pain. We are here to show what we are made of and to prove that we can live virtuously even in adversity. Thus the serious, calm view of life is the best one, if we realize that we have got to discipline ourselves while remembering that there is no pleasure so genuine as that derived from the performance of duty. Then after all is over there is the great, big Easter with its endless joy and complete happiness. It would be very hard for a man to keep his Lenten resolutions unless he thought often how happy he would feel on Easter Sunday; so, too, it would be hard for a man to be good all his life unless he thought, now and then, how happy he would be when his great, long Lent would be over and he had entered on his everlasting Easter.

It is in the feeling of joy which surrounds childhood that Wordsworth finds material for his Ode on Immortality. Nothing could be more reasonable than to argue to the immortality of man from the existence of joy in the world. Would it not be unnatural for us ever to be joyful, or for the sun to shine, if all the countless millions who have trodden this earth were dead, completely dead, forever? It is at such seasons as Easter that "we catch a glimpse of the immortal sea" Wordsworth speaks of, and best discover the

truths that wake,  
 To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
 Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy.

The joy of Easter is the joy of chastened souls; and would it be possible, even though they could forget all who have gone before them, for such rational beings whose visions are not obstructed by passion to expand with joy if they knew they were going to live only a few troublesome, laborious years and then cease to exist? No, if a person catches himself in a state of pure joy, he finds he is taking it for granted that there is an immortal life of happiness after death of which present joy is only a figure or a foretaste. The idea of Wordsworth in his Ode is noble. He thinks it inconsistent that the birds sing joyous songs, that

the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,

if man, the master of all the earth, is to live his life here, which, according to Job, is "short and evil," and then be annihilated, soul and body.

Another thought inseparable from Easter,

the Feast of the Resurrection of Christ, refers to that unknown power that unites us as far as we are united, and is capable of uniting us perfectly. It seems pitiful that there should by any quarrelling and enmity among men when there might be harmony and a spirit of mutual interest and help. We are happier when we get along well together, and we can do so easily; so if we do not we are not very intelligent. As Christians we are followers of the Risen Christ whose whole mission was to teach men to be gentle with one another and to love one another. We could not celebrate this feast better than by reflecting on what a divinely fair plan His is of making everyone tolerant, kind, agreeable and loving. We show our patriotism well by appreciating the laws and institutions our fathers have handed down to us, and we show it better by trying to carry out the destiny of the country for which they lived and died. So we show our appreciation of our great spiritual Leader by doing our part to bring about the accomplishment of His plan, which is simple like Himself: "That we love one another as He loved us."

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### On the Border.

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LEO J. COONTZ, '07.

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I'll meet you on the border of the Lake of Lour Lomon

With a bark upon the shore,—an embrace and we are gone,  
 Where the wayward woods shall greet us as they lisp unto the breeze.  
 Where the golden sun shall kiss us through the parting of the trees.

Where the fading evening shadows seem to shimmer and to break,  
 As they mingle with the waters and spread far upon the lake;  
 And the lilies on the border, like a host of fairies blown,  
 Are bowing to the shadows that the purple eve has sown.

Will you meet me on the border? Else my soul shall drift alone  
 Out across the landscap'd waters to the gardens of Minone.  
 There'll be others on the border waiting there for those they love,—  
 They'll be waiting there and crooning like the soft-eyed turtle-dove.

In the shadows of the lilies, in the shadows all alone  
 I'll meet you on the border of the Lake of Lour Lomon,  
 In the paths beside the border where the red deer comes to drink,  
 In the fading evening shadows of the lily fountain's brink.

Sykes: A Drama.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

Persons.

SYKES—THE HERO. DR. MULEY—A DENTIST.

THREE BOYS—COMPANIONS OF SYKES.

SCENE I.

*Any large city. Before Dr. Muley's office. Enter Sykes, his head tied up with a black silk handkerchief.*

**S**YKES. I guess this 's th' place. Mother said I've got to get it pulled, and there's no way out of it. And Dad says I can't keep him awake all night with my howlin'. I think fathers ought to have some feelin' for their only sons anyhow, for they may be President of the United States some day, or of 'some Insurance Company, and then they won't give their fathers a job.

*Enter three boys, with dishevelled hair and soiled clothing.*

1ST BOY. Hello, Sykes, who hit you?

SYKES. Who said I was hit?

1ST BOY. Well, your face looks like it. What is it?

SYKES. Ulceration.

2D BOY. Gee! that's a whopper. What does it mean?

SYKES. It's a toothache, but Mother calls it ulceration, and says the doctor will have to extract it.

3D BOY. I think that's what Percy Prinn's professor had. I heard Percy tell Mrs. Higgins that his professor got nervous ulceration from studying too hard, and he has to go to Ireland and rest.

SYKES. Gee! I didn't get this from study. It's from eating candy, Mother says, and I got to get it extracted—that's the way Mother says, "pulled out."

1ST BOY. Why don't you do it yourself like Red Mason does?

SYKES. How's that?

1ST BOY. Why, he gets a stone as big as you and I could lift, and ties a string around his tooth. Then he ties the other end to the stone and gets up on a chair and counts three, and when he says three he lets the stone drop, and his tooth flies out without a bit of hurtin'.

SYKES. Yes, but I ain't got no string and Mother says I got to go to Dr. Muley, 'cause he's paying 'tenshun to Emeline and we want one of the family in a professhun. I guess I'll go up then and tell him Mother said to pull it without hurtin'. You'd better come up too, 'cause sometimes they has to hold a fellow in the chair when he's havin' an extraction done.

1ST BOY. We'll go with you, Sykes, maybe he'll give you gas like Seed took when he had his wisdom tooth pulled. *(Sykes opens the door and looks up the long stairway.)*

SYKES. Gee! the place smells just like when you get your arm cut off.

1ST BOY. Yes, jes' like a hospital. *(They ascend the stairway, Sykes leading.)*

SCENE II.—Dr. Muley's office.

*The Doctor reading. A knocking without.*

Doc. Come in! *(Enter Sykes and Companions.)* Well, what are you going to do, bombard me?

SYKES. Eh, no, sir. I've got ulceration, and Mother says you're the best on that, and she wants you to do the extraction without no pain like it says on your window.

3D BOY. She said he should come right home if you can't do it without hurtin' 'cause she's 'fraid of lockjaw.

Doc. Well, that's all right. There will be no pain and you needn't fear lockjaw. Sit up here *(pointing to the dentist's chair).*

SYKES. I'd better take off Emeline's handkerchief so I can open my mouth.

Doc. *(aside)* Emeline! *(to Sykes)* What is your name?

SYKES. Jimmie Dolan, but the fellows call me Sykes.

Doc. Why, yes, I thought I saw something familiar in your face. I've often been up to your house.



SYKES. I know it, sir.

DOC. So? How do you know it? I don't remember seeing you there.

SYKES. No, 'cause Emeline never let me go into the parlor. She said I couldn't 'preciate music, but I can whistle all them tunes you play on the piano. Anyhow, I had to go and get that ice-cream she gives you what's colored like a barber's pole. And she never made that cake she said she did, for I bought it at Toney's, the baker.

DOC. Well, well. Now sit up here and I'll look at your tooth.

SYKES. (*Sitting in the chair*) This looks like a barber's chair. (*The Doctor examines the tooth for a moment.*) Do you think I've got to take gas?

DOC. Oh no, no; there will be no pain. (*To the other boys.*) Be careful, boys, not to drop any of those instruments.

SYKES. Gee, Doctor, my tooth's not aching no more. Maybe I won't have to get it pulled.

DOC. Well, the tooth's badly decayed, and it will ache when you go out into the air. I think you'd better have it out.

SYKES. Well, then, all right. (*The Doctor gets his forceps and the three boys gather around the chair.*)

DOC. Now, Jim, open your mouth wide and I'll have the tooth out in a minute. (*The Doctor pulls at the tooth.*)

SYKES. (*Catching hold of the Doctor's hand.*) Oh!—oh!—ow!—ouch!

DOC. That's the man! You stood it bravely.

1ST BOY. Did it hurt, Sykes?

SYKES. Naw! That don't hurt (*Spitting*); I wouldn't take gas for no tooth.

DOC. Well, I knew it wouldn't. Now don't forget to tell Emeline how well I did it.

SYKES. All right. (*Spitting continually.*) And say, Doctor, will you ask her to let me go in when you are playing the piano. I can't hear well when all them doors is shut.

DOC. Very well, I'll speak for you. (*The boys go out.*)

SCENE III. same as SCENE I.

*The boys gather around Sykes curiously.*

1ST BOY. Say, Sykes, let's see the hole.

2D BOY. Yes, let's see the hole. (*Sykes opens his mouth and the boys examine it carefully.*)

Boys. (*together.*) Gee!

Sicut Dixit.

BEHOLD the Lord upon the Cross  
A criminal He dies,  
But in the glow of Easter morn  
A King He doth arise.

J. H. G.

Easter in the York Cycle.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.



ENGLISH literature still retains several cycles of old miracle plays—the cycles of Chester, Coventry, Towneley and York. Of these the last is most literary and has of late attracted the widest attention. Way back in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, when the influence of the Church was at its highest, these old plays were staged. They are based almost entirely on Scripture, and the subjects range from "the Creation down to the Last Judgment," but the three events chiefly commemorated were the Nativity, Passion and Resurrection. Around these three great happenings the medieval dramatist, working at the Church's bidding and with her blessing, wove the simple miracle plays. The York Cycle included forty-eight plays, five of which may also be found in the Towneley collection. On Corpus Christi day of each year within the walls of old York these were enacted. To the trade guilds, an important institution of medieval history resembling in part the labor unions of to-day, were entrusted the staging of these early dramas.

Let us imagine ourselves back in York on the Feast of Corpus Christi. "Here is an open market-place, rows of quaint, narrow-gabled houses whose windows are alive with faces closing in the square, which is thronged by a motley multitude,—Yorkshire rustics, green-clad yeomen, young clerks and squires in many-coloured, picturesque costumes, gowned and hooded friars, kerchiefed women, here and there a knight in glistening mail, everywhere beggars, children, dogs,—all pressing toward the lofty stage, adorned with crosses and streamers, which rises in the centre of the scene. On the stage



all eyes are fixed." Let us further imagine that the cycle of plays has been run through down to "The Resurrection." All the suffering and agony of Calvary is over, while an expectant people await the joys of "The Resurrection," the play staged by the Carpenters' Guild.

The opening scene shows us Pilate addressing the Jews of Jerusalem who had just taken part in the crucifixion of Jesus. Pilate and Caiphas declare they will stand by their deed, namely, the death of Jesus. The conspirators, Annas and Caiphas, try to smooth over the murder by maintaining that "By law it was done." Annas says it never should be mentioned again, but Pilate can not help speaking of it. During this conversation the Centurion enters. Saluting Pilate and the priests he exclaims:

I dread me that ye have done wrong  
And wonder ill;

for, he continues, you have slain a righteous man. Angered at this accusation, Pilate tells the Centurion he should support and not oppose his superior; but the Centurion growing bolder answers:

To mayntayne truth is wele worthy  
I said so when I saw Him dy  
That He was Goddes sonne almyghty  
That hangeth there  
Yet saie I so and stand thereby  
For evermore.

Saying this the Centurion departs, angrily ordered away by Annas, but Pilate broods upon his words. Caiphas now warns Pilate that Jesus said He would rise on the third day; and, adds Annas:

His latter deede is more dread  
Than is the first.

For, continues he, if Jesus' men steal Him away they will say He rose. Accordingly Pilate sets a watch telling the soldiers to guard the tomb of Jesus until the third day. The soldiers go to their appointed place declaring no traitors shall steal Jesus away.

The next scene opens with the arrival of the Three Marys at the tomb. "Jesus is dead" is the one thought that is breaking the hearts of the three. First, Mary Magdalene speaks:

Criste my Master moste of myght  
Is dead fro me.

Alas, adds Mary the mother of James:  
Jesus that was of love so sweet

And never did ill is dead.

"To whom," weeps Mary Salome,

To whom now shall I make my moan  
Since He is dead.

They approach the tomb and are conjecturing as to how they can remove the stone, when lo! to their surprise they discover that the stone is rolled back while an angel appears telling them Jesus is not here, He is risen and gone to Galilee.

He shall be found in Galilee  
In fleshe and felle.

Two Marys depart, "but she who loved much" remains at the tomb weeping.

Alas, my katiffe herte will break in three  
When I think on that body free  
How it was spillte  
Both feet and hands nayled tille a tree  
Withouten gilte  
For trespass did He never none  
The wounds He suffered many one  
Was for my misse  
It was my dede He was for slayne  
And nothing His.

By this time the soldiers awake from their slumber. With shouts and swears they find the tomb empty. At last they decide to tell Pilate the truth and set out for the palace.

Scene III. reveals Pilate's hall into which the soldiers are just entering.

"Pilate," says the spokesman,

Our watching is worthe noight  
The prophete Jesu  
Is risen and gone for all oure awe  
With mayne and myght.

Pilate and Annas then storm at the soldiers, accusing them of being traitors and cowards. But the soldiers explain that they were powerless. He rose alone while melody filled the air.

We heard never sence we were borne  
Nor all our faders us be-fore  
Such melody mydday we morne  
As was made there.

Pilate and Caiphas immediately recommence their plotting. A scheme is arranged. It is to be represented that Jesus was stolen away by force:

Sir knights,  
Herkness what ye shall say  
To every man both night and day  
That 10,000 men in good arraye  
Came until  
With force of arms bore Him away  
Against your will.

A bribe is paid and as Pilate adds,  
Thus treason shall for truthe be tolde.

## Sacrifice.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

THE seed that falleth in the ground  
Must die, become as naught,  
Before the virtue in it found  
Yields up the harvest sought.

E'en Christ who is of life the Lord  
Gave up the body's breath,  
With God's own law in meet accord,  
To quicken by His death.

And so, my heart, thy flame must die,  
Thyself must broken be—  
Alone when love doth shattered lie  
Cometh love's victory.

## The Test.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08.



AVE for the few gray clouds behind which the sun was slowly sinking the sky was perfectly clear. A soft, cool breeze had arisen and blew gently across the water; the lonesome quiet of the evening was descending. The light breeze coming off the lake rustled among the dying leaves which clung to the fast fading branches as one clings to the last hope when the end seems near.

A man came slowly down the path which descended from the city above. He walked along the narrow way until he came to a large maple tree on the lake's promontory. Seating himself on a fallen log lying old and weather-beaten he looked far out into the waters. His dog, a large Newfoundland, came and lay at his feet.

Placing his hand on the dog the man looked down at the animal and stroked the large hairy head with a kind hand.

"Well, Monte," he began, "I must tell some one—some one who will understand—you won't, but I'll think you do, and you can not say anything to show me that you don't. Any one would understand part of it, but the rest—"

As though to answer him the dog arose and looked knowingly into his master's face. Pulling the animal nearer the man said: "He told me I was going to die. And

I suppose he knows. Going to die," he repeated, "now, when the good end seemed so near; now after I have worked so long and so hard to acquire all those things a man wants; now when I am in a position to get all there is in life; now—and I'm going to die. I'll last about a year,—that's what the doctor said—about a year." Then, as if hoping for an answer, he asked: "Do you know what I came down here for, do you?"

Even had his silent companion been able to reply the man did not give him time, but continued: "It looks cold out there," looking out on the still blue water. "It looks cold and lonely, but—"

While he had been talking apparently unconscious of his surroundings save the dog at his feet, a child just able to walk toddled down the path toward him. Some nurse in the park above had neglected her charge, no doubt, and as the infant came slowly down the path smiling and trying to talk, she at least was pleased with her freedom. The dog which had dropped at the man's feet while he had been talking, sprang up and rushed toward the child, but a warning word from his master caused the animal to stop.

The baby stood looking at the huge black mass of long hair, but did not appear frightened. Rousing himself from his seat the man walked over to the child and asked:

"Little girl, are you not out pretty late?"

"Goo."

"You aren't! Well, then you might tell me where you are going."

The Year's Easter.

ONE purple days of passion,  
Gray nights of brooding grief;  
Spring bursts the bonds of darkness,—  
Behold the clover leaf.

C. L. O'D.

While he had been speaking the dog had walked up to the child and playfully he caught her tiny hands in his long curly coat and appeared content in trying to pull the hair out.

"Well, Miss! aren't you going to answer me? Where do you live, and where are you going?"

"Goo," was all she said. The dog was demanding all her attention and she did not have time

or inclination to answer such unnecessary questions as this man's appeared to be. Picking her up in his arms, he returned to his seat on the log, and the dog came as before and lay at his feet.

"You are out taking a walk?" he inquired of his newly-made acquaintance.

"Home," replied the child.

"Home? Well, that is what I want to know. Where do you live?"

"Home."

"Yes, I know. But where is it? Where is home?"

"Home," was all. Then looking up at him she put her little white hands in his face and moved them over his eyes, and forehead caressing him in her own sweet way. Growing tired talking to the dog, for the dog was the most curious thing to her, the man although an utter stranger, had at once been accepted in her good graces, she found a place where her head just fit, and settling back into it she relapsed her small body and prepared to remain in comfort.

The dog inquiring as best he could of his master what it all meant was looking anxiously at the child. Noting the questioning appeal in the animal's eyes the man said:

"She is pretty, Monte, I wonder who she is? I do not know any more than you. Don't you think she's pretty?" But the dog only looked and wagged his tail in approval.

Whether to show her appreciation of her surroundings, or whether she was tired from her walk, the child, with a parting smile at the dog, closed her eyes, and was soon asleep, her head pillowed on the man's arm and one little hand nestled under his.

Left to his own thoughts again the man sat silent for a time. Now and then he would look down at the sleeping child and note the sweet smile upon her partly hidden face. Speaking low lest he should disturb the peaceful sleeper he again addressed the dog:

"Do you know what it means to die,

Monte? Of course you don't, though," he added. "But I'll tell you. One goes away, a long way too, and he never comes back—goes away and never comes back. And, Monte, to think that in three months I was going to be—married. In three months, and then—"

The child moved and opened her eyes. Looking up she saw him and smiled to him, then settling herself more comfortably she closed her eyes again and went to sleep. For a second time the man sat silent—longer than before. He stared out on the blue waters. Suddenly, as if pulling his thoughts together he said fiercely!

"To think, Monte, that I even thought of such a thing. That even for a moment I dared to think that it would be right. Right for me not to tell any one, and instead of going out there,"—he looked again far away on the water—"I would go and marry her; for I might not die after all. And I would marry her, were she in my place. She would do it too; but because she would is the very reason why I shouldn't. Still, now, I might not die, you know, and if I didn't, or even if I did, no one would know." Interrupting himself he went on:

"See, Monte, I can not help thinking that way. Of course it would be wrong, and I won't do it, but you see I couldn't go and tell her. If I wasn't a coward I could, but I am, I am and I know it. I can not help it." Continuing he asked: "What do you suppose she'd say? I know though, she wouldn't say anything; she'd just look. You never saw that look, Monte, God—"

Rejoice.

Lapsing into silence again he sat still longer than any time

HE is Risen!" said the angel  
And the echo of that voice  
Down the ages comes a-ringing,  
Bidding mankind to rejoice.

W. J. D.

before. His heart filled with interminable sorrow, and for whom? Not alone for himself; not for his father and mother, for they had long since travelled the journey from which no one returns. Of the woman then he thought who had given him all; the woman to whom he had given the best that was in him. And now the end was near; but oh! so different from the end they had looked to.

"Go and tell her," he told himself. "Yes, that is what I should do. Go and tell her, and then," but he was silent again. His eyes grew bright and his face flushed slightly as some idea unknown before flashed through his mind. "I never thought of that. I will write to her, some one will find it. Oh, if I could only tell her, but I can't. No," he continued after a moment's reflection, "no I won't do that. No matter what I do, it will hurt. If I told her it would break her heart, and then she'd have pity for me alone. If I do not tell her, or write to her, she will never know, and although that will hurt, she may forget—forget, because all the world will help her, and will try and make her believe I did not care. God! that she should think that—that I did not care! But it will be better; it will hurt more at first, but in the end—"

"It looks so cold and lonely, but what difference, a man's soul goes a long way alone, no matter where the starting point."

He arose from his seat, and as he did the child dropped from his arms. He had forgotten her; he had forgotten everything but that which he was bent upon. With a cry the child opened her eyes. Although not injured, but badly frightened, she looked up at him with wondering eyes. Hastily he stooped and gathered her up. Once again safe in his arms her fears passed, and smiling the same tiny smile, she said, "Home!"

"Home," he answered; "home," he repeated.

The moon was shining now and the bright reflection traced a path across the water. He took one last look far out where he had looked before; then turning away he bent his head and kissed the little upturned face. "Home," he repeated again and again. Once he stopped and looked back, but the child crushed against his breast repeated the word "home."

"Yes," he replied, "we are going home."

### Passing.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

AGAIN the golden leaf gives place  
To the green bud of tender grace  
Upon the bough.  
So age must yield to youth, and we  
Must move on to Eternity  
As they do now.

### The Easter Controversy.

JOHN M. RYAN, '06.



ASTER, the anniversary of Our Lord's Resurrection, is the greatest festival of the ecclesiastical year. From the earliest days of the Church down to our own time this day has

been celebrated with the greatest joy and accounted the queen of festivals. Never since the days of the Apostles has there been any difference of opinion as to why we celebrate Easter, but there has been as to when it ought to be observed. This was the first great question that agitated the Church and one of the principal causes for convoking the Great Council of Nice.

The Easter controversy grew out of a diversity of custom. The early Christians, especially of Asia Minor, were derived from and connected with the Jewish Church. These naturally observed the old festivals, though in a different spirit than hitherto. Now they commemorated actual events which formerly had been but shadows. It was in this manner that they came to celebrate Easter on the 14th day of the Jewish month, Nisan (March-April), the feast of the Paschal Lamb. The Christians outside of Asia Minor and particularly those in the West remembered that Christ rose upon a Sunday, and they therefore kept the following Sunday. They hoped thus to celebrate the actual day and also to distinguish their festival from that of the Jews.

There was still another fact that tended to arouse controversy, and that was the Jewish calendar year. This consisted of

twelve lunar months containing alternately twenty-nine and thirty days. This made in all three hundred and fifty-four days. To make up the deficiency of eleven days they added every three years a thirteenth month of thirty days. This method of reckoning at times brought the fourteenth day of Nisan ahead of the vernal equinox. Now the Western Churches considered the equinox as the beginning of the new year. They therefore objected to a mode of reckoning which was liable to make them hold Easter twice in one year and not at all in the next.

The question which naturally arose as to who was right in this discussion was, since it referred to a pure matter of discipline, tolerated by Rome. About the middle of the second century, however, it began to cause trouble and give scandal to those without the Church. The pagans rebuked and ridiculed the Christians for their internal dissensions and apparent schism. This fact, coupled with others of minor importance, caused St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, who happened to be visiting Rome, to question Pope Anicetus upon the matter. St. Polycarp, an advocate of the eastern practice, pleaded the example of St. John with whom he had observed the festival, also the example of St. Philip and other eastern saints. Pope Anicetus replied that the West observed what had been taught them by Saints Peter and Paul. Neither would make any concession and so the matter was dropped.

The end of the century saw a change in the situation caused by a heretical sect called the Ebionites. They insisted upon the complete observance of the Mosaic law and were particularly urgent with regard to the Jewish Pasch. This aroused the Pope, as he feared any further delay in settling the controversy would result in the Asiatics being led into this error. Pope Victor sent letters to all the provinces commanding them to hold synods and report to him their findings upon the Paschal discipline. Almost all the reports condemned the eastern custom as encroaching upon matters of faith. Thoroughly aroused by the thought of danger to a part of the Church, Victor commanded all to conform to the Roman practice.

The decree in which Victor threatened all who refused to conform with excommunication was sent to Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus. This province was the only one which had not adopted the Roman Easter. Polycrates answered by a letter in which he defended his practice as an old custom and further said that in all matters of faith the exact teachings of Saints John, Philip and Polycarp were observed. The all-important fact that matters of faith were carefully cherished induced Victor to allow the practice to continue.

In the early part of the fourth century matters came to a crisis. Constantine the Great in order to secure uniformity and stop all controversy had the first great council of the Church convoked at Nice, A. D. 325. Here a decree was unanimously passed that "Everywhere the feast of Easter be observed upon one and the same day; and that, not the day of the Jewish Passover, but, as has been generally observed, upon the Sunday afterwards." Other rules were also made in order to prevent all further disputes. It was decreed that March 21 should be taken as the vernal equinox; that the full moon upon or after that day be considered the full moon of Nisan; that the Sunday following that full moon be Easter, and finally, if the full moon happen on Sunday, Easter day shall be the Sunday after.

The Great Council partially accomplished its object: it caused Easter to be universally observed on Sunday, but it did not entirely settle the controversy. It was still a question of dispute what calendar was to be used to determine the position of the moon. Some churches adopted one rule, some another, and as a result Easter ranged from March 21 to April 25. Of course it was generally agreed that as Alexandria was the seat of astronomical learning the Bishop of that place should inform the Pope and the Patriarchs regarding the time of Easter. The impracticability of this system, because of the delays and other inconveniences, was soon evident. Rome then adopted a cycle of eighty-four years which was supposed to be the time required for the moon to return to the same day of the week and month for its changes. This system was generally adopted in the West and remained until the

(Continued on page 429.)

From the Beginning.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.



It was early April and Easter time had come. Already the buds were breaking, and there came through the pines the sound of the torrent's rush as it tore down the mountain's side and threw itself with its debris into the Silver Bow. Off over the valley it crept, a sapphire thread in the mat of green, and as it flowed into the West, Mrs. Morton watched it, and on its waves sent her thoughts; sent them out into the West. The West in whose vastness somewhere lay his bones, for he had been gone a decade of years and was dead.

A decade of years, how long a time, and what a change it had brought! Often in the beginning of that decade she had thought it a strange philosophy which made birds and pines for mountains, and gold and purple for evenings, and music and flowers for spring, which, in a word, made a world full of harmony, and yet had taken him from her. For it would seem that in the beginning, when such harmony was conceived, he had been meant for her. Then she would blame him and wonder; knowing her heart as he surely must, was it higher patriotism to go than to stay? His country really didn't need him and she did; and after all, what is the end of life if not happiness? Should we fight and bleed if it be not necessary? And surely, she thought, it wasn't necessary that he should. But despite her tears and prayers he went with young Morton into the islands of the West to follow the flag and in the end to be wrapped in its spangled folds, in the stars he loved so well, and buried in that foreign land. She heard it all with broken heart from Paul Morton on his return; and what a true friend Morton was.

Yes, Paul was big and brave and true. That was why she married him, and grew to love him. Loved him—because he was brave and true, because he had fought to the last trench until Jim Hogan fell pierced by a Moro bullet; loved him because out

there where he lay, Paul had moistened his lips and bound his wounds on that dreadful night; loved him because of Jim's dying request—"Take good care of her, Paul,"—loved and married him because of of Jim Hogan's prayer.

And so her thoughts went on with the stream as it flowed into the ocean whose farther waters washed that western island where he lay. Because of these things she had married him, and she had been happy. There had been times, however, when she saw a strange look in her husband's face. How long it had been there she could not tell, for it was but lately that she noticed it.

"What's the matter, Paul?" she would sometimes ask, but he would answer:

"Why, nothing, Nell; does there seem to be something?" But he grew worse, and now he paled when he looked at her as though she were ill, or as if he saw something. Sometimes at dinner he would start gazing long at her and half frightened. Seeing him she would answer the look, but she seemed to know it was only the nearest thing to what it should have been. For it was only his because Jim had gone, still Morton did not see, for he loved too much.

There were times though when he frightened her, and once after looking in the same strange way he rushed to her and clasping her to him held her there saying:

"No, no, girl, there wasn't, was there?"

Looking up at him she asked:

"Wasn't what, Paul?"

"Nothing, dear, only—"

"Only?"

"Only just you, and the impulse," he laughed. "The impulse, you know how it comes on you and swells up in you and overflows and then,—and then I catch you and let it spend itself—till, I let you go like that," and he pressed his cold lips to her forehead.

Still she wondered; for the impulse doesn't come with cold lips and frightened eyes. But down town in his office Morton knew, for sometimes there he would recall the shadow at her side, and when alone he would start at the sound of the voice hissing in his ear. Then all would be still, still as death, save the heavy beating of



his heart thumping heavily against his side. Then again the death-like silence and the flutter and leap as the voice would hiss again: "To kill; to lie!"

The strain was dreadful, and each day he grew worse. Seeing it she wondered, and thinking him overworked begged him to take a rest. He did, and took her to the East and its great germ-filled cities. They crossed the seas and the crisp salt air did him good, but on the ocean's depths the voice still haunted. In the great salons of Paris they sat and enjoyed the delights; for they had eyes to see, and to such there is enjoyment in gazing on gorgeous spectacles where beauty splendidly gowned and men who know, talk and sip and listen while music enchants. But Paris tired him, and they left for Berlin. One evening in the great Park when they had stolen away from the gaieties to a seat in the grove he turned and looked in the same wild way. Then suddenly he caught her to him to make sure, saying all the time: "Ain't I only—and—"

Just to quiet him perhaps, but maybe because she partly guessed, she replied:

"Yes, Paul, you, only you, because, you know he told you to." Then because it was dusk she could not see the paleness that crept over him.

Back from the Old World they came; she full of life, thinking how good it is to live, and, like a full red rose at maturity, more beautiful than ever. It was hope only that made her think him improved, for he grew worse and more nervous. Then it was that she became alarmed and wondered still more. It was wondering about his strangeness of late that led her to the window this morning to look out on the great Silver Bow as it flowed into the West.

Suddenly Morton, who had been lying down, awoke with a terrible look on his face. The pupils of his eyes grew twice their size, and through them he stared at her fearfully, for the voice had awakened him: "To kill, to lie!" She came to him quickly, but when he saw her at his side, covering his face as though to hide something from himself, he cried out: "I know it; I know it; but, God, how I loved her!"

"What is it!" she asked.

"Nothing," he said; "only the shadow—the voice."

"The shadow—the voice?" she repeated.

But he was all right now, for the moment was gone and she was very near him, so the shadow left her side, and when she spoke the voice seemed still. But life became a torture to him. At times he thought he would go mad, for the voice grew louder, and now the shadow seemed to be near her continually. He resolved to do something, to go away, even to die. How or where differed little. Anywhere would do—only some place. Maybe in that other world the voice would haunt him no more and the shadow would fade. Anyway, he would be away from her and her trusting gray eyes.

But before he would go he would write her all. He had not the courage to tell her. He would write and the note would explain. It would tell her how he had lied to her from the beginning, and how in the blackness of the drizzling night he had crept from behind, like a Moro wretch and stabbed his chum and friend. Even now as he thought of it he felt that last death clutch of Jim's as he stretched out in the darkness and caught him. The vision of the death-scene came back, and again the dying eyes and haggard face of Hogan gazed at him, as in the last movement of the struggle he pulled him closer, closer, till his hot breath suffocated him and the death grip tightened on him and the quick gasps caused his heart to flutter and leap. He sickened to think of it and that last awful smile Jim gave when he saw who the Moro was, and slowly relaxing his hold he fell groaning: "My God, Paul,—you to kill, to lie! O Nell!" but the quick gasps ceased and his lips were against the earth.

Morton tried to shake off the vision, and wiping the sweat from his face resolved to go. But that night he fell into a fever. His face and body burned, and the voice tortured him as he rolled on his bed of delirium. Like a hovering angel she moved in the room never leaving him, and so for awhile the voice would be still and he fancied at times the shadow left her side.

Late in the night he grew worse and as he lay there the thought raced into his burning brain that ten years ago to-night he had killed Jim Hogan. Suddenly he arose



in his bed, his mouth open, his white hand pointing at her and his eyes staring wide and wild. He grew ghastly pale, and noting him she rushed to him, but seeing his hand pointing, turned.

He leaped from the bed to catch her as she fell fainting, but the shadow at her side touched him and forced him back. Leaning over her, his burning eyes peered at the shadow; then throwing up his hands, he cried: "Thank God! thank God!" and that was all. He lay there still and cold, but the wild look was gone and the voice was still, though the shadow remained.

When she awoke she looked into Jim Hogan's tanned face, and he tenderly took her out to the window where the pine whispers played, and she could watch the great Silver Bow as it flowed into the gold and purple; for it was to have been, and now she knew she was right when she thought him meant for her from the beginning.

#### Easter Joys.—A Yawp.

EASTER!

Ain't it great?  
I feel so good  
I don't know why I should  
'Cept my Lent  
Was well spent.  
But gosh, I'm glad it's over  
I feel like I'm in clover,  
Can have some dish  
'Sides, eggs and fish.  
Eggs—  
Say, it was fun  
When Pa's egg went crack! just like a gun.  
Gee whizz!  
Pa ran for the door  
And swore  
He'd eat boiled eggs no more,  
But would have them fried.  
The young chick died,  
Our old hen almost cried;  
She set six days  
On that egg  
I brought for Pa's dinner.  
Ain't I a sinner!  
But say  
I'm feeling fine to-day  
Church bells ringing,  
Church choirs singing,  
Sun's so bright,  
Sky's so blue,  
But here comes the cop  
So

PII

Skidoo.

W. J. DONAHUE.

#### Barred.

THE cold gray walls of the silent tomb,  
The Master's form could not retain;  
At the narrow hearts of sin-stained men,  
He seeks an entrance—but in vain.

W. J. O'D.

#### "Her Last Song."

WALTER J. O'DONNELL, '06.



THE universal gloom and sorrow of Holy Week was but a reflection of the sadness that oppressed Signora Pazzi. Scarcely three days had passed since she saw her husband lowered into the earth and heard the dull thud of the frozen ground as it fell from the sexton's spade on the rude pine coffin. Then she did not fully realize the dreadful consequence of the separation; but now as she sits huddled in an arm-chair, her cold mourning shawl drawn closely around her and gazing intently into the open hearth, its enormity and weight come upon her with all its terrible reality.

She must provide for her child. Grief had wasted her bodily strength, but her mind was clear, and this serious question was now seeking its solution. The young woman was not highly gifted, but she thoughtfully and carefully reviewed her several talents. All were found inadequate, none could be used to earn money for her child. Pride forbids her depending on any one. She will face the task bravely and alone. She fears, however, that it will be more than she can bear, and falls into a reverie from which she is aroused by the opening of a door and the entrance of a maid leading a child, pale, fragile and delicate as a flower that has never been thrilled by the life-giving rays of the sun.

"Mamma, sing," the little one entreats as the mother clasps her to her bosom. She bowed with grief, and her mind distracted by harrowing thoughts was in no mood for singing, but the child's "Mamma, do!"

could not but win, and the mother sang her favorite song:

Dormez mes jolis  
 Dans vos petits lits,  
 Dormez petits gas, sans effroi  
 Car vous n'êtes pas les fils du roi.  
 Lire loula,  
 Loula.

The room re-echoed with the harmonious and well-modulated voice, and the mother was lovingly rewarded by the clasp of the little arms about her neck.

"Signora sings superbly," the nurse remarked, "and even excels many of our grand opera singers." This generous praise made a deep impression on the young woman because she knew it was not tinged with flattery. Sing on the stage—but she must have time to consider the matter, and tenderly imprinting a kiss on her beloved one, made sweeter by the mother's deep, unalloyed affection, she bade the maid to withdraw to the nursery with the child whose eyes were now closed in peaceful slumber.

Sing on the stage! Why not? she mused after they had withdrawn. She drew her shawl still more tightly around her as if to protect herself from an impending danger. How many are there not who sing before audiences, but she shuddered—reason however she may—at the thought that the work was tainted with opprobrium and its followers generally lose social caste. This was the only means whereby she could earn money to take proper care of her child, but the idea was almost abandoned. Placing, however, all her objections in one balance and in the other her child's welfare and a mother's love, the scales turned in favor of the latter, and she resolutely resolved to undertake courageously the work that otherwise was so distasteful to her.

Few, indeed, were the difficulties Signora Pazzi thought she would meet with. She need but apply, she imagined, and employment would be given. The next morning she set out in quest of work. Courteous managers informed her that they were sorry, but there were no vacancies. Others, less polite, told her that they would notify her were her services required, while others bold and impertinent offered her a position as chorus singer. At evening she returned home weary and worn, pale and

exhausted, and sick with a mental nausea. However, she was not entirely discouraged. The next morning she journeyed forth, determination to succeed written on her countenance, but returned home dejected and sick at heart. The third, fourth and fifth days brought like results, but on the sixth a gleam of hope faintly illumined the almost impenetrable darkness that yawned before her. A new company was organizing, and the manager asked to hear her sing. He was delighted with her beautiful voice and her perfect interpretation of the music. He immediately employed her at a very high salary, and appointed the evening for her first public appearance. With joyful heart Signora hastened to her child. At last the way was clear, she could earn money; she could be independent.

All day she romped and played with Yvonna in the nursery; care-free and light-hearted as a child who knows not sorrow's name. The evening was not long in coming and she hurried off to the theatre. She was a stranger to the audience. Her name was unknown, but after her first appearance the applauses and prolonged cries of "Brava! Brava!" were ample proofs that her merit was keenly recognized.

The next day the cult of newspapermen felt it its duty to praise the exquisite voice of the unknown singer, and the manager in his shrewdness and zeal for his own material welfare advanced her already high salary, for he knew that when the posters announced that Signora Pazzi would sing, the box-office would be inordinately thronged and the receipts would be doubled. Her renown and fame grew with each performance, but she was neither elated nor affected by the natural pride that commonly attends any public success. All was for her child, who alone gave her the courage to sing on the stage; and many of the thoughts that crowded her mind as she played with Yvonna were the inspirations of the songs she would sing in the evening. The multitude of bouquets that were showered on her at each appearance were carefully brought home, for Yvonna loved flowers, and were employed in decking the nursery wherein this flower of infinite worth was laboring to grow and bloom deprived of the sunshine of health.

But one day, however, Yvonna became peevish and cross, and the kindly old family physician was called in. At a glance he saw that the case was serious, that the child's life was held by a mere thread. And as he looked up he also read in the mother's pale and anxious countenance, as she leaned over the bed that the severing of that thread meant not the destruction of one but of two lives. At the mother's eager entreaty regarding the seriousness and nature of the illness, a look of alarm spread over the Doctor's usually calm face; he coughed nervously, and then rubbing his hands together, gently said: "It is only a fever that is prevalent this time of year." He prescribed medicine, and left with the promise of coming again in the afternoon. In the afternoon he returned bringing with him another physician. On leaving they assured Signora Pazzi again and again that the child would be better in the morning. They bade her not to worry and not to omit her regular evening duty.

That evening she remained at home longer than usual, and kissing her child she hurried off, her soul weighed down with a mother's inconceivable sorrow for her beloved one's sickness, to amuse and cheer the buoyant spirits and happy hearts of a thoughtless audience. When she had acquitted herself of her part of the program, heedless of the thundering applause and vociferous appeals of "encore," she quickly descended to her carriage and was hastily driven home. Mounting the stairs leading to the nursery she half heard the words of the Doctor, addressed in a subdued tone to the nurse: "Can't live—dreadful shock."

Bursting into the room Signora Pazzi demanded of the physician: "Who can't live, Doctor; who can't live?"

The kindly old man was pierced to the core by this pathetic appeal, and trembling as a leaf when swayed by summer's breeze, conducted her to the bed whereon Yvonna lay. The child was lying with eyes wide open and without any trace of fever. She smiled lovingly at her mother who was standing before her in all her theatrical magnificence.

"My dear, Yvonna, how cruel I was to leave you," the mother sorrowfully said.

"I was not lonesome. I'm never lonesome when Jeannette is here to play with me,"

the child replied, and then entreated: "Mamma, sing."

The poor mother was ready to faint, but struggling hard to control herself and keep down the choking sobs that arose in her throat, sang the song Yvonna loved so well, and which had scarcely ceased re-echoing in the vast theatre.

She was not half through when the child sank deeper in her pillow and closed her eyes as if listening to a far-off call,—she had heard her mother's last song. Softer and softer grew the mother's voice and then died away entirely. When she had finished she drew near the bed, thinking Yvonna had fallen asleep. She tenderly raised the thin hand that lay outside the coverlet; an uncontrollable trembling immediately possessed her frame—the hand was cold. She then placed her hand on the child's heart, but only to discover that its life-work was completed. A low moan escaped the ashen lips as she fell to the floor a lifeless form, and both white souls entered into happiness together.

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### Bonnetology.

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JOHN F. SHEA, '06.

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WHEN I was assigned Easter bonnets as a subject for a short sketch my pen trembled as if with ague, and a mental fog of surprising density settled down upon my numbed faculties which intensely obscured my point of view and made what at first seemed only to be a casual subject of interest, a wide monotonous desert of ribbons and gilded hat pins. After some thought and a good deal of hesitation I became convinced that the first objective point of my theoretical research was to trace if possible the evolution of the bonnet from its first simple state to the present complex, intangible fabrications of string, ribbon, wire and feathers which adorn the civilized crown of vanity to-day. Working with this end in view I found that the origin of the feminine bonnet was shrouded in obscurity, and so many theories concerning it had been originated and forgotten that I felt encouraged to evolve

one myself for the occasion which would furnish plausible grounds for its acceptance and a reasonable working hypothesis for those savants whose working field is the science of bonnetology.

It may seem unkind and unjust, but all indications seem to point to Mother Eve as the originator of the Easter bonnet. The evidence in the case seems to run as follows: Eve had frequently annoyed Adam by continually asserting that she was the most beautiful woman in the world until he, after standing her self-adulation as long as his masculine patience would permit, admitted the truth of her assertion, but retorted that while she might be the most beautiful woman in the world, it by no means precluded the possibility of a woman even more beautiful.

This taunt made Eve furious, and snapping her fingers in Adam's face (they did not use rolling pins in those days) she refused to recognize him as her lord and master, and said that as far as she was concerned he was a complete nonentity. Seeing that Adam was not a bit disturbed by this announcement, Eve resorted to drastic measures, and seizing him by his flowing locks she dragged him around the old apple tree until he showed the white feather and cried for mercy. Now in my theory this white feather is the undoubted precursor of the bonnets of to-day, for it as truly represents the submission of man to the tyranny of his spouse as the Easter bonnet of to-day represents the complete ascendancy of feminine control over the masculine pocket-book.

The origin of the bonnet being thus satisfactorily cleared up it remains to devote a few words to the present *status quo* of these Easter monstrosities. For convenience the bonnets of to-day may be classified into five general groups: first, those devoted to vegetable display; second, those bearing specimens of fruit; third, those containing stuffed ornithological specimens (dead birds);

Evening.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

RED day steals out of the western gates,  
And Luna fair with her hair unbound  
Spreads flowers over the sleeping ground,  
As she moves about in the foamy clouds,  
And the Pleiad Sisters comely and fair  
When the winds entangle their silver hair  
Dance all the night on the sky's soft floor  
With a merry laugh and a happy song,  
While the star of eve shines all night long.

fourth, those which attain a shrubby effect through the employment of flowers; and lastly, those head-gears whose sole claim to distinction is the number of yards of ribbon they bear. These divisions of the *genus* bonnet do not include the widow's bonnet which sometimes looks very stunning when trimmed with jet and

chiffon and set jauntily on a shapely blond head. One fatal drawback, however, which prevents it from attaining greater popularity is the price, which is always most reasonable.

It might be interesting to describe the technical points that go to make up a stunning Easter bonnet, but my object in this brief article is not to go into the minute details that go to make up the science of bonnetology but rather to announce the formation of an anti-bonnet association whose purpose is to unify and consolidate the resistance and passive antipathy of long-suffering husbands against this nightmare of feminine ingenuity that exists under the name of Easter bonnet. With this aim in view I have started an international organization to be known as the "United Anti-bonnet Association of the World." The purpose of this organization as stated in the preamble of the constitution is as follows: "We the long-suffering, demonetized men of the world, in order to form a more perfect union, provide for the common defence, insure domestic tranquillity (if possible) and the spending of our money for cigars instead of Easter bonnets, do ordain and establish this union." Thus has a glorious movement been started which in time will become world wide, and the unity of effort which will result from its extension will enable suffering mankind to forge a thunderbolt capable of wrecking the most gorgeous of Easter bonnets and annihilating forever the sender of those exorbitant bills that read: Mr. Henpeck to Madame Milliner Dr., and agitate the slumbers and waste the resources of well-meaning men.

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—This edition of the SCHOLASTIC has been prepared exclusively by members of the staff, and in order to give the editors time to make the Easter number more elaborate than the ordinary weekly edition, the SCHOLASTIC was suspended last week. It has been the custom to print in our Easter issue the pictures of the editorial staff, and modestly complying with this custom we submit our photos with our work.

—The ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out this year at the University with their usual solemnity. On last Sunday, after the distribution of the blessed palm, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by our Rev. President during which the Passion was solemnly sung by Father Schumacher (*Evangelista*), Crumley (*Christus*) and Maguire (*Petrus*). On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings the services of *Tenebrae* were held, and on Thursday afternoon the Very Rev. John A. Zahm, Provincial, C.S.C., performed the services of the *Mandatum*. This morning the *Paschale Praeconium* was sung by Father Maguire, and the penitential season was fittingly closed with Solemn High Mass and the chanting of Alléluias.

—In a recent number of *The Literary Digest* we find the statement: "The problem of spontaneous generation has taken on a new lease of life." This is true; on account of the experiments of Dr. Burke of Cambridge, the scientific world has again turned its attention to this subject. But there can never be more than an appearance of truth in such discoveries, because the processes by which germs are killed in the inorganic matter upon which the experiments are performed are more or less imperfect, and if life is obtained from seemingly lifeless matter it is only because unseen living germs have, under favorable conditions, grown big enough to make manifest to the eye the life they always possessed.

—The New Music Society of America which gave its first concert at Carnegie Hall, New York, last month aims to present to the public the productions of American composers. They do not intend to establish a national school of music, but "there is a not inconsiderable and increasing body of American orchestral music," says a writer in the April *American Review of Reviews*, "that voices, with distinction and artistic competence, an authentic ideal of beauty." Much of this American music has been denied a public hearing owing, perhaps, to the prejudice of those who have control of our concerts, and it is the end of the New Music Society to create a medium through which the productions of American musicians may reach the public.

—Of the thirty athletes who will represent America at the Olympic games to be held at Athens April 22 to May 2, only three are intercollegiate stars. Few of the undergraduates could obtain leave of absence during the time appointed, and the association complied with the wishes of University Faculties. Those who have obtained leave to enter the lists are Schick, of Harvard (runs), Friend of Chicago and Levitt of Williams (hurdles). The others who will make up the group were picked from our athletic clubs all over the country, and it is the opinion of Mr. James Sullivan, secretary-treasurer of the association, that we will bring home the victory.

(Continued from page 421.)

year 457 A. D. when it was changed for the more correct computation of Alexandria. This latter cycle was made up of five metonic cycles or ninety-five years.

The British Isles after the Council of Nice, where they had representatives, adopted the Roman cycle of eighty-four years. This they faithfully preserved until the middle of the seventh century, though isolated from Rome by the Barbarian invasions. The system being erroneous caused the zealous disciples of Saint Columba to be called quartodecimans by the Italian followers and successors of St. Augustine. In Great Britain, owing to the missionary zeal of the two great religious orders, the controversy took a peculiar turn. It was not uncommon to have members of the same household defending opposite systems according as they were educated by the monks from Iona or the Benedictines. It was this very fact that caused a speedy end to the controversy.

It happened one year that Oswy, King of Northumbria and Bretwalda of the Saxon princes, was celebrating the Easter festivities with his princes, but the queen was just beginning Holy Week. The fact that only part of his family could or would take part in the festivities so vexed Oswy that he determined to have the question settled one way or the other. To accomplish this end he called a council at Whitby (A. D. 664) at which he himself presided. Colman, Abbot of Lindisfarne and a monk of Iona, defended the eighty-four year cycle as having been taught by St. Columba, while Wilfrid, a young Saxon Bishop and advocate for the Roman usage, declared he saw prelates from all over the world celebrating at Rome. He also made a strong conclusion to his speech by quoting the passage from the gospel where Christ made Peter head of the Church and gave to him the keys of Heaven. King Oswy was so influenced by the thought that he might be offending the gate-keeper of Heaven that upon ascertaining the truth of Wilfrid's words he decided at once in favor of Rome. This ended the discussion as far as Northumbria was concerned, and Archbishop Theodore finally established the Roman usage throughout all England in 669 A. D.

As Easter is the most important festival

of the year and the one upon which all the other movable feasts depend, it is necessary that a uniform date be observed. It was found in 1582 A. D. that the Victorian cycle was faulty, and Pope Gregory had the calendar revised and gave us the one we now use. According to the present arrangement the festival may fall on any Sunday between March 22 and April 25. It is the first Sunday after the full moon which falls on or after March 21. It must be remembered, however, that the ecclesiastical moon is not the actual moon in the heavens but an imaginary one about two days in advance of the real moon.

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### Athletic Notes.

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NOTRE DAME, 6; SOUTH BEND, 2.

We got away with the first game anyhow. The Varsity trimmed the Greens good and plenty in the first game of the series and set a clip that, if they follow, will put them at the head any time the score is added up. Perce and O'Gorman pitched for the Varsity, and Moffit, McMan and Ferris did the fancy bending for South Bend.

Perce showed great improvement over last year and gives great promise. He is a good, steady man, always working, uses his head, and never gets up in the air. Bill is also a good hitter and outfielder. And his work Tuesday marks him as one of the coming pitchers in the West.

Captain McNerny—which was most fitting for the Captain—carried off the batting honors, making two pretty singles.

The team showed up fifty per cent better in the first game this year than they did last season. Not an error was made throughout the game, and considering the weather, which was anything but baseball weather, it is quite remarkable for the team to go through the first game without an error. Moreover, every man had his eye on the ball, and as a whole the team hit well. The scoring started early. Anderson, the second man up for the Greens, beat out a bunt and went to second on a passed ball. Richardson followed with a hit, putting Anderson on third.

Francis flied out to right field and "The Goat" scored on the out. Capt. McNerny's



men came right back at them the first time around and tied the score. McNerny hit; Farabaugh struck out; Murray hit and McNerny went to second. Johnson booted one and McNerny scored. In the fifth, Perce drew a free ride, went to second and third on errors, and scored on Stopper's out.

In the first of the seventh South Bend tied the score again, and to get even the Varsity got on Ferris for three hits in a race and four scores. As a whole the game was good. We showed the good effects of the long winter training in the Gym, and gave great promise for the college season.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonan, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
McNerny, 2b.	2	2	0	1	0
Farabaugh, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Murray, c.	1	1	9	2	0
Stopper, 1b.	1	1	8	0	0
Sheehan, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Brogan, 3b.	0	1	1	1	0
Shea, ss.	0	0	0	1	0
Perce, p.	1	0	0	2	0
O'Gorman, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	6	6	21	8	0
South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Fleming, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	1	1	2	0	1
Richardson, 1b	1	1	4	0	1
Francis, ss.	0	0	3	1	2
Tilman, c.	0	0	6	0	0
Johnson, 3b.	0	0	1	1	1
Trouteman, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Grant, 2b.	0	0	2	1	2
Moffit, p.	0	0	0	1	0
McMan, p.	0	0	0	0	1
Ferris, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	2	2	21	5	8

Struck out—By Perce, 6; by O'Gorman, 2; by Moffit, 4; by McMan, 1; by Ferris, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Murray. Passed ball—Murray. Wild pitch—O'Gorman, Perce. Bases on balls—By Perce, 1; by Moffit, 2. Umpire—Shaughnessy.

\* \*

Capt. McNerny has weeded off all but fifteen men, and from this number will be chosen the team that is to represent Notre Dame the coming season. The only positions that are not exactly certain are the backstops and the pitchers. Murray appears to have first position cinched behind the bat, and Sheehan and McCarthy are doing the heavy work for second honors, and chances look to be about even.

Waldorf, Perce, O'Gorman, Tobin and Keefe will all be given a chance to do some pitching stints against the Greens, and

although there seems to be little doubt that the first three men will wear the new suits, "Long Tom" Tobin, or "The Man with the Initials," may hand out something new and unlooked-for and displace one of the "sure things."

"Tony" Stopper will again do the reaching around first base. And on the way past, it might be mentioned, Stopper is hitting the ball on the nose and is easily out-hitting any man on the team at this stage of the game.

Capt. McNerny will receive the high and low ones from the catchers, at second base, and from the game he has put up for the past two years, it is enough to say "Mac" will again be on second.

"Wild John" Shea will cover all the ground between second and third base and will use the one-hand hook that has made him famous. With Shea on short-stop the man who gets one past him can have a hit and a home run without the asking. He can cover more ground than any man on the team, and is undoubtedly one of the fastest college short-stops in the West.

Brogan will make his debut in Varsity clothes on third base. This will be his first year, but from his work in practice he looks to be there, and although he has an awful pace cut out for him, following in the footsteps of ex-Captain O'Connor, it is safe to say Brogan will keep up the reputation, and complete one of the best infields Notre Dame ever had.

Farabaugh made his Monogram two years ago as catcher, but this year he went out for left field and made good at once. He is a good hitter and a fast fielder.

Birmingham will play in centrefield. This will be his first year here, but little doubt can be expressed as to his baseball ability. He is a wonder when it comes to covering ground, has a good arm and is a good hitter.

Bonan is another outfielder, and like the former is a good hitter, a fast fielder and has a good arm. With such men as these three in the outfield and with the infield before mentioned, everything points to a good team.

Murray is another man who is an exceptional hitter; unlike Stopper, he does not poke out little singles, but slams the ball against the outfield fence.



NOTRE DAME, 6; SOUTH BEND, 4.

And we won the second—the score was 6 to 4. South Bend started out like a winner, getting on Keffe for four hits in the first time around, but the four hits only made one run, and when the Varsity got busy with the stick they ended the inning two runs to the good.

Capt. McNerny's men scored three more in the second. Shea led off with a hit, and stole second on the first ball. Keffe followed with a hit, scoring Shea; Bonan sacrificed. McNerny connected for a pretty two-bagger and scored Keffe. Farabaugh reached first on Francis' error, and McNerny went to third, Murray hit a fast one to Grant scoring McNerny.

South Bend tried hard in the fifth to even up things, but had to be content with two runs. Waldorf went in in Keffe's place and was a little wild at the start. Francis drew a pass, and Tilman hit for two bases. Johnson drew a pass and Trouteman reached first on Murray's high throw to Stopper. Grant hit and scored Tilman and Johnson.

In the seventh the Greens got one more. Anderson reached first on Brogan's bad throw to Stopper. Richardson hit to McNerny who got his hands tangled up with the ball, making Richardson safe and Anderson on second, and he scored on the next two outs.

Brogan's hitting was the feature of the game. He was up four times and got three singles and a sacrifice. Grant of South Bend shared the hitting horses with Brogan, getting three out of four. Waldorf showed all of his old-time speed, and although a little wild it was his first game. Birmingham, who has been confined to the infirmary with a severe attack of malaria, was on the bench and will probably get in the game the last of the week or the first of next.

SUMMARY.

South bend.	R	H	P	A	E
Fleming, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Letcher, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	1	0	2	0	1
Richardson, lb.	0	1	8	2	0
Francis, ss.	1	1	1	3	2
Tilman, c.	1	2	4	1	0
Johnson, 3b.	0	0	0	1	0
Trouteman, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Grant, 2b.	0	3	3	1	0
Williams, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Ferris, p., Goal p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	4	8	18	11	3

Bonan, c. f.	1	3	1	0	0
McNerny, 2b.	2	1	1	8	1
Farabaugh, l. f.	0	0	1	0	2
Murray, c.	1	1	9	0	2
Stopper, lb.	0	1	7	0	0
Sheehan, c.	0	0	0	0	1
Brogan, 3b.	0	0	0	0	1
Shea, ss.	1	1	2	2	0
Keffe, p.	1	1	0	0	0
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	6	8	21	12	7

Two base hits—McNerny, Tilman. Three base hits—Stopper. Bases on balls—Off Waldorf, 3; off Keffe, 3. Struck out—By Keffe, 2; by Waldorf, 4; by Williams, 1; by Ferris, 1; by Goal, 1.

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The old time custom of having an inter-hall baseball league at Notre Dame was re-established this year by Mr. McGlew, who is endeavoring to make this season an exciting one for the different halls. Last Monday evening the managers of the hall teams, Mr. Quinlan representing Holy Cross Hall; Mr. Collier, St. Joseph's Hall; Mr. Monahan, Corby Hall; Mr. Donovan, Brownson Hall, and Mr. Hilton, Carroll Hall, met in the Gym and drew up the following schedule:

- April 19—Corby at Holy Cross
- “ Carroll at Brownson
- “ Sorin at St. Joseph's
- April 22—St. Joseph's at Holy Cross
- “ Sorin at Carroll
- “ Corby at Brownson
- April 26—Holy Cross at Carroll
- “ Brownson at St. Joseph's
- “ Sorin at Corby
- April 29—Brownson at Holy Cross
- “ St. Joseph's at Sorin
- May 3—St. Joseph's at Corby
- “ Holy Cross at Sorin
- “ Brownson at Carroll
- May 6—Holy Cross at Corby
- “ Brownson at Sorin
- “ Carroll at St. Joe
- May 10—Carroll at Holy Cross
- “ St. Joseph's at Brownson
- May 13—Holy Cross at St. Joseph's
- “ Corby at Brownson
- “ Carroll at Sorin
- May 17—Holy Cross at Brownson
- “ St. Joseph's at Carroll
- “ Sorin at Corby
- May 20—Sorin at Brownson
- “ Corby at Carroll
- May 24—Sorin at Holy Cross
- “ Corby at St. Joseph's

Sorin Hall was not represented at the meeting, and it is not known yet whether or not they intend to enter the league. The schedule, however, was made out to allow for the possibility of their entering.

## Card of Sympathy.

Whereas in His infinite wisdom Almighty God has seen fit to call to Himself the mother of our friend, Ezra Cowles, we the undersigned in behalf of Carroll Hall desire to extend to our bereaved hall-mate our sincere sympathy.

L. Dillon  
J. Lee  
M. Cartwright  
L. Garcia—Committee.

## Local Items.

—The University Choir will sing Concone's Mass in A $\flat$  on Easter morning.

—Bro. Leander has recently received from a friend a valuable set of books for Dujarié Hall.

—Notre Dame has a player named Stopper, but he plays first base instead of backstop or shortstop.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Lost.—A small gold watch. Finder please leave the same with the Brownson Hall Prefect and receive reward.

—Two young men went up to visit with Mike Discan, but noting the number on his room door (23) turned hurriedly away.

—One of our neighbors while examining the shore of St. Mary's Lake got dizzy and fell in—the first outdoor swim this season.

—There is good reason for believing that the street cars will soon be extended to the University grounds by way of Napoleon and Eddy Streets.

—A beautiful marble *Pieta* has lately been placed in the University Church. It was brought from Europe by the Rev. John A. Zahm, Provincial, C. S. C.

—There are no limits to the ambition of the Seniors. They have been working for some time on the *Dome*, but last week they began work on the *Clouds*.

—On Easter Monday the Philopatrians will put upon the boards "The Prince and the Pauper." The Philopatrians have a reputation for doing their work well.

—The SCHOLASTIC wishes to thank Mr. T. Dart Walker for its beautiful Easter cover, also Professor Ackermann for his artistic arrangement of the Staff photographs.

—Mr. John Voight of last year's class is now engaged in the study of law at Jeffersonville, Ind. He is a fine example of the loyalty that ought to characterize every Notre Dame man.

—The Memorial Exercises of the G. A. R.

Posts of South Bend will be held in the University Church, May 27, at ten o'clock. The sermon will be preached by the President of the University.

—Charles Minotti of Carroll Hall is critically ill of pneumonia in his home at Charleston, W. Va. Minotti has had more than his share of sickness and every student will breathe a fervent prayer for his speedy recovery.

—At a meeting of the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Sodality, held April 7, the ceremonies of Holy Week were explained, and the members chosen to represent the Apostles at the *Mandatum* on Holy Thursday drew lots for their names.

—Mr. McGlew is arranging a schedule for the inter-hall baseball teams. Each hall is to play two games with every other hall, and the team most successful is to have a trip in the latter part of the season. It is hoped the hall teams will get busy and try for the championship.

—A hungry visitor lately went into the University Art Studio and seeing several apples and oranges in a basket took one and did eat. The Professor in a fine frenzy ran his fingers wildly through his hair, and cried: "Stop man! you're eating my study; I have part of it on the canvas." The hungry one remarked later that the fruit tasted as though it were painted.

—In a small building to the left of the Brownson Hall Gym, Bro. Hugh has constructed a box ball bowling-alley. It is about forty feet long and two and a half feet wide. The floor has been slightly raised to permit the balls to roll back beneath. This game is all the rage among the Brownsonites now, and some have become remarkably skilful, notably Willie Rice with his high ball.

—The custom of beating a tattoo in unison on the grand stand in the athletic field is one which should be promptly dropped. The grand stand is a strong structure, but it would have to be much stronger than it could be made in order to stand the pressure of five hundred young men jumping in unison to the air of a popular song. Drop the stamping and avoid funerals.

—The SCHOLASTIC is requested to announce that the Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D., of Washington, D. C., has been secured for the Commencement oration. Dr. Stafford is a scholarly priest of charming character and enjoys an international reputation as a perfect orator and lecturer. It is said of him that in the City of Washington where he lives, he could fill the theatre every night in the year if he were willing to lecture so often. The class of '06 is to be congratulated in their Commencement Orator.